

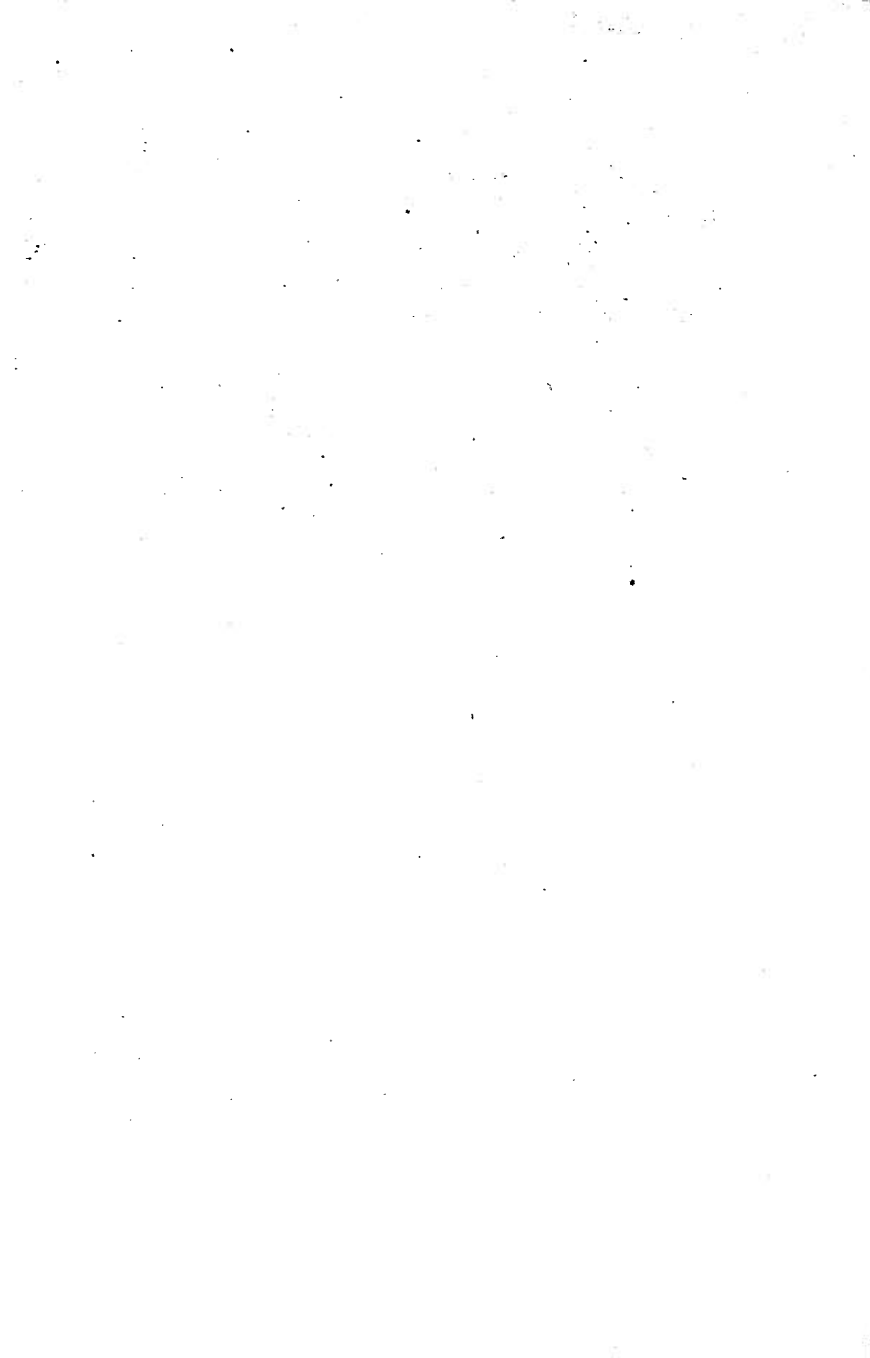
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ONE HUNDRED HYMNS
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

IF ONE HAD A HUNDRED HYMNS IN HIS MEMORY,
AND IF WITH EVERY CHANGING MOOD HE WAS
ACCUSTOMED TO HAVE TO HIMSELF SOME SWEET
DESCANT OF EXPERIENCE, HE WOULD NOT EASILY
BE MADE UNHAPPY, NOR WOULD HE WANDER
FAR FROM THE PATH OF RECTITUDE.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One Hundred Hymns You Ought to Know

4th ed.

EDITED BY
HENRY F. COPE



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P R E F A C E

FEW things in literature exert a greater power over us than good hymns; they are to be counted as amongst the most potent factors in religious nurture. They are to very large numbers of people all that the Hebrew Psalms were to a smaller number. Religious truth, which in the form of syllogism or sermon would have failed to find welcome in the mind, has entered freely and been fully apprehended when presented in the form of the sentiment of hymns and on the wings of their metres. Many a heart, in the trying hour of fear or doubt, has suddenly discovered light on the way,—light radiating from some line or stanza of a hymn that had long lain in memory. The hymns of the English-speaking people have done more to mould their characters than all the sermons spoken or written.

Did you ever find yourself repeating over and over a sentence from a book or a sermon, find such a sentence gradually working forward, as it were, from the margin of consciousness to the

focus of attention? Not often. Yet how frequently have lines and stanzas of hymns thus stolen in on our field of thought, the same truth coming again and again in this manner and every time deepening its impression, its power over the mind and will, and increasing the facility of its entrance.

Teachers of men, especially the teachers of the young, fully appreciate the importance of storing the mind with reserves of strength and soul nourishment, with aspirations that lift up the eyes of the heart and ideals that lead. In seeking these sources of soul strength the questions must often occur, First, where may one find them in their noblest and richest form? and, Second, in what form will they find readiest admission to the mind and exert the largest and most lasting influence? There will be no hesitancy in answering the first by saying that nowhere are there greater riches of the life in the form of literature than in the Bible; the second question finds answer, both in reason and experience, that the splendid literary riches of the Bible set into the form of our great hymns then find their easiest vehicle into the mind and have their greatest potency. Our hymns are but the old songs of the Hebrew, the aspirations, visions, passions, and inspirations of the great religious teachers resung, set again into the forms to which we are accustomed. Religious truth in the form of hymns is so highly valuable because the hymns are easily learned; they are associated usually with inspiring tunes, with melodies often

that sing them back again and again to the mind, and because thus storing themselves in memory's treasury they come out automatically, perhaps, in some hour when the soul is feeling its spiritual poverty, a rich asset, to remind the soul of its yet greater unseen resources.

We do well then, seeing the power of these hymns, to exercise no little care in the selection of those with which children and youth shall become familiar. This is that which has been in mind in the selection of these "Hymns You Ought to Know," the bringing together of at least one hundred of those hymns which may be counted of greatest worth and force on account of their power for spiritual nurture, for character determination. There must be always wide difference of opinion as to what are the very best hymns. But there is certainly one safe test, viz., what hymns have, through a course of at least some time, shown themselves to be best capable of expressing the ideals and worship of the people, stirring their emotions and aspirations and strengthening their inner lives. The song which leaps into popularity and sweeps, whirlwind like, over the country may meet none of these requirements. But the song that the people sing year after year, that they sing in the hour of trial, in the quietude of evening, by the hearthside, in the cathedral—the song that is sung because it satisfies, strengthens, inspires, this is the one that all our people need to know.

These, we are told, are the days when mate-

rialism is eating the heart out of men, when the family altar stands neglected or overthrown in the rush for the office, when the eye ceases to look up. The outlook is not so dark as some who hide their faces would have us believe; but it is a day when, by every power at our command, we need to bring the hearts of men back to things that are eternal; back from their dust and toys to the deep things, the infinite and only satisfying. Into our fevered lives there needs to come often the voices of calm, the songs of the spirit; into our hearts we need to admit all we may find that will serve to remind us that the things seen are passing, the things unseen abiding, to bring us the strength to meet each day's strain. What, in this, can help more, leaving out of estimate the sources of our religious literature, than a collection of the very best types of that form of religious literature which enters the mind most easily, stays longest, speaks clearest, and with largest character potency?

HENRY F. COPE.

CHICAGO, 1906.



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ONE HUNDRED HYMNS
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW



THOMAS MOORE (Dublin, May 28, 1779 — Bermuda, W. I. I., Feb. 26, 1853), the celebrated Irish poet and singer of love songs, was also the writer of about thirty hymns. These were published in 1816, and among them, under the title of “Relief in Prayer,” is found the beautiful hymn which is to-day so often sung on occasions of mourning. While few, if any, of Moore’s poems retain the place they once held in popular appreciation, and almost all his other hymns are forgotten, the comforting thought in this poem has given it a place of permanency along with the other great English hymns.



CONSOLATION



COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure ;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

Here see the Bread of Life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.



THOMAS MOORE





AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY
(Farnham, Surrey, England, Nov. 4, 1740
—London, Aug. 4, 1778) graduated from
Trinity, Dublin. After fourteen years in the
English Episcopal ministry, he left that church
to become pastor of the French Calvinists.
This universal hymn is found in almost as many
tongues as the Bible itself, probably over 300.
Mr. Gladstone translated it into Latin, Greek,
and Italian. It is said that the brave General
Stuart, wounded before Richmond, died with
this hymn on his lips, and the same is related
of the prince consort of England. When the
London went down in the bay of Biscay in
1866 the last thing heard was the passengers
singing "Rock of Ages." Many changes
have crept into this hymn, but the following is
probably exactly as Toplady wrote it in 1776:



ROCK OF AGES



ROCK of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me !
Let me hide myself in thee.



AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY





FRANCIS XAVIER (Navarre, Spain, April 7, 1506—Island of Sancian, Dec. 2, 1552), the famous Spanish missionary, the apostle to the Indians, and one of the founders of the Society of Jesus. He labored incessantly in carrying the Gospel to many lands and died on his way to China. It is thought that he translated this hymn from the Spanish into the Latin. From the latter it was translated into English by Edward Caswall.



LOVE FOR GOD



MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace :
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well ?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell ;

Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord !

So would I love thee, dearest Lord,
And in thy praise will sing ;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.



FRANCIS XAVIER





THE Rev. George Washington Doane (Trenton, N. J., May 27, 1799—Burlington, N. J., April 27, 1859), Protestant Episcopal bishop of New Jersey, was a prolific writer and the author of a number of hymns. His works of prose and poetry, in four volumes, were published in 1860. This missionary hymn was written at Riverside in 1848.



FLING OUT THE BANNER



FLING out the banner ! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
The sun, that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.

Fling out the banner ! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

Fling out the banner ! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner ! Sin sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner ! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide ;
Our glory, only in the cross ;
Our only hope, the Crucified !

Fling out the banner ! Wide and high
Seaward and skyward let it shine ;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.



GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE





WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, bishop of Bedford, was born at Shrewsbury, England, Dec. 13, 1823. His best work as a minister of the Church of England was done at Kidderminster and later amongst the destitute in the East End, London. Although he did not begin to publish his poetical compositions until he was well advanced in years, his hymns are already well known, a number of them being found in all the standard hymnals. In the English church his songs for children have been acceptable. But in all lands the one given here is by far the most popular of all his compositions. It is usually sung to the tune of "St. Hilda." Its theme is beautifully illustrated in Holman Hunt's celebrated painting, "The Light of the World."



AT THE DOOR



O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er;
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge
So patiently to wait;
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate.

O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low—
“I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?”
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!



WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW





MISS HAVERGAL wrote more hymns which have attained wide popularity and give promise of permanency than any other woman writer. From the years of her childhood she had the gift of poetic expression. Her longer poems, all of which are of a religious character, are popular with the English people. This hymn was written in 1872, and first published in a leaflet, whence it found its way rapidly into all the hymnals.



SEEKING TO SERVE



LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone ;
As thou has sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

O, strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O, teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

O, fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

O, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL





THE Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg (Philadelphia, Sept. 16, 1796—New York, April 8, 1877), a noted Episcopalian minister, especially distinguished for his work in founding St. Luke's Hospital in New York, is the author of several hymns. While this hymn usually is classified as suitable for occasions of mourning, its thought has made it popular as a song of aspiration at all times. Until recently it was not found in any hymnal; but it now is coming into common use.



THE BETTER LIFE



I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb !
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom ;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God ?
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.



WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG





THIS gifted woman wrote many beautiful hymns. She intended them for the use of little children, but some of them have become popular with adults. Mrs. Alexander was born in County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1818; she married Dr. William Alexander, bishop of Derry; she died Oct. 12, 1895, at Londonderry. Besides her hymns she wrote a number of poems, the best known of them all being "The Burial of Moses."



THE GREEN HILL FAR AWAY



THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear ;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him, too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.



CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER





JOSEPH ADDISON (Milston, Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672 — London, June 17, 1719), one of the greatest of all writers of English prose, was the author of five hymns, all of which have been considered worthy a place in the permanent songs of worship of the church. This hymn is said to have been composed on returning from a perilous voyage on the Mediterranean in the year 1700, but it was not published until twelve years later, when it appeared in "The Spectator" as part of an essay on the subject of "The Sea."



THE TRAVELER'S HYMN



HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.



JOSEPH ADDISON





THE Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (London, Aug. 6, 1821 — Wells, Feb. 1, 1891), belongs to the school of modern hymn writers, his songs dealing with the living and the active. He was famed not only as a graceful preacher, but also as a writer of many books. This hymn was written in 1865, for the Choir Festival of Peterborough Cathedral. It is the most popular of all Dr. Plumptre's hymns.



THE WARRIOR'S SONG



REJOICE, ye pure in heart !
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King !

Still lift your standard high !
Still march in firm array !
As warriors, through the darkness toil,
Till dawns the golden day !

At last the march shall end ;
The wearied ones shall rest ;
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

Then on, ye pure in heart !
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !
Your glorious banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King !



EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE





HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE (Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811 — Hartford, Conn., July 1, 1896). While the fame of Mrs. Stowe will always rest on her first novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she is the author of three hymns which have passed into general use. "Resting in God," as this one was first called, made its appearance in 1855 in the Plymouth Collection, a hymnal prepared by her celebrated brother, Henry Ward Beecher, for use in his services. While perhaps hardly ranking among the foremost hymns, it is found to-day in all the great collections. It is especially suited to smaller gatherings and to family devotions.



STILL, STILL WITH THEE



STILL, still with thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'ershadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee ;
O, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE





THIS was one of the hymns of the second crusade ; its fifty Latin stanzas were sung by the knights of the cross as they guarded the holy sepulchre. Bernard (Fontaines, Burgundy, 1091—Clairvaux, Aug. 20, 1153) was the author of a number of the hymns which in their modern dress are amongst the most popular to-day. He was the abbot of Clairvaux from 1115 to the time of his death, leading an active life and exerting a profound influence on European politics. Many translations of his hymns are current, but the one most generally accepted is that given here, which first appeared in "Lyra Catholica" in 1849. It is the work of the Rev. Edward Caswall, an English clergyman, who became the friend and adherent of Cardinal Newman.



JESU, DULCE MEMORIA



JESUS, the very thought of thee,
With sweetness fills the breast :
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind !

O Hope of every contrite heart !
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind thou art !
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find? Ah ! this.
Nor tongue nor pen can show,
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.



BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX





THE sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in London, Dec. 5, 1830, and died in the same city Dec. 30, 1894. She was a lyric poet of a high order and amongst her verses are found many of a charming simplicity, as well as others of simple devotion and aspiration. The song, with its quaint questions and answers, given here, perhaps hardly belongs in a collection of hymns, for it has not attained any wide popularity or general use in the churches. Yet it so beautifully voices the hope, often silent and hidden, in all our hearts and comes so near to a song that all may sing, that it deserves to be one of the hymns we all know.



U P H I L L



DOES the road wind up hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.



CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI





THE author of this hymn is a descendant of the great William Wilberforce the philanthropist, and a son of Samuel Wilberforce, the bishop of Oxford, and later of Winchester. He was born in 1840 and became canon of Winchester in 1878 and, later, bishop of Newcastle. This is his only hymn which has attained popularity, and this has been of recent growth. It was written for a morning prayer at private devotions.



JUST FOR TO-DAY



LORD, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin
Just for to-day.
Help me to labor earnestly
And duly pray ;
Let me be kind in word and deed
Father, to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say ;
Set thou a seal upon my lips
Through all to-day.
Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay ;
Let me be faithful to thy grace,
Dear Lord, to-day.

And if, to-day, this life of mine
Should ebb away,
Give me thy sacrament divine,
Father, to-day.
So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray ;
Still keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Through each to-day.



ERNEST R. WILBERFORCE





THE Rev. William Williams (Cefn-y-Coed, Wales, 1717 — Pontycelyn, Jan. 11, 1791) was one of the earliest of the great group of Welsh hymn singers. Their songs are not always easily rendered into English, but this one, translated by Pedr Williams in 1771, has become a classic in many other tongues besides. Its author was at first a deacon in the English church, but he spent the greater part of his life as a traveling evangelist for the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connection. The full force and beauty of this hymn cannot be realized unless one has heard it pealing forth from the mighty lungs of the Welsh people at some church gathering where the whole congregation sings as though that were their sole business in life.



GUIDANCE



GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand ;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



WILLIAM WILLIAMS





MRS. PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN was born at Canaan, N. Y., May 1, 1783, and after living the quiet, retired life we might expect from the tone of the hymn, died at Henry, Ill., Oct. 10, 1861. She was a woman of a dreamy, idealistic temperament, the writer of a number of introspective poems. This hymn is the only one of her works remaining to this day. It had a wide popularity, especially with a generation now rapidly passing away. There are many who can remember when it was one of the most general favorites amongst hymns. Its waning popularity is fairly indicative of the changed emphasis in religious worship.



RETIREMENT



I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.



PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN



IN the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, there is this inscription: "John Newton, clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned, and appointed to preach the faith he had long labored to destroy, near sixteen years at Olney, in Buck; and — years in this church." This is the brief autobiography of the man who wrote this hymn, which ranks among the best loved of all the songs of the Christian church. He was born in London July 24, 1725, and there he died on Dec. 24, 1807. He wrote many other hymns, but had this been his only composition his name would never be forgotten.



THE NAME ABOVE ALL OTHERS



HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.



JOHN NEWTON





THIS is another of Faber's great hymns which have become the possession of peoples of all communions. The spirited manner in which this hymn is sung by great congregations seems to indicate that the fire that burned in the martyrs' breasts has not died out entirely. Such hymns as this were popular in England during the recent struggle for the freedom of the public schools from ecclesiastical control and frequently were sung at popular meetings as well as at religious services in the free churches.



FAITH OF OUR FATHERS



FAITH of our fathers ! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free ;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !

Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife :
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life :
Faith of our fathers ! holy faith !
We will be true to thee till death !



FREDERICK W. FABER





THIS song might well be called the "Thanksgiving Hymn" of the English people. It was written in 1844 by the Rev. Henry Alford, D. D. (London, Oct. 7, 1810 — Canterbury, Jan. 12, 1871). He was then dean of Canterbury cathedral, a post which he held until his death. Alford is well known, both as a preacher and a writer. His "Greek Testament" was for many years a standard work. He is also the author of several fine hymns. In English churches this hymn is always sung at the harvest home services, which correspond to our Thanksgiving day gatherings. It has also come into common use in the church services on our national day of praise. It is usually sung to the tune of "St. George," composed by George F. Elvery.



HARVEST HOME



COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin :
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied :
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade, and then the ear ;
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Lord of harvest ! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home ;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day ;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast ;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.



DEAN HENRY ALFORD





THE Rev. Gerald Moultrie (London, England, Dec. 31, 1799 — Rugby, Dec. 20, 1874), a graduate of Trinity, Cambridge, and the rector, during the years of his ministry, of Rugby, was the writer of a number of poems of a high literary value and beauty. This processional hymn was published in 1867. It is a good example of the new type of church songs in which service, activity, and the militant ideas are expressed. To the setting of Barnby's tune, "Great Heart," it is sung, as the opening hymn frequently, while it is one of the most popular processionals in university and college services.



THE WARRIOR'S MARCH



WE march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet him :
And we put to flight the armies of night,
That the sons of the day may greet him.

We march, we march to victory,
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.

Our sword is the spirit of God on high,
Our helmet is his salvation,
Our banner, the cross of Calvary,
Our watchword, the Incarnation.

And the choir of angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Zion ;
For our captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron.

Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of Christ before us,
With his eye of love looking down from above,
And his holy arm spread o'er us.



GERALD MOULTRIE





F*R***EDERICK WILLIAM FABER**
(1814-1863), the devout Catholic and head of the Brompton Oratory, was the author of many fine hymns of devotion. As a student he distinguished himself at Balliol, Oxford, whence he was graduated in 1836, and his enthusiastic, poetic temperament made him a marked man all through his life. For a time he was a rector in the English church, but in 1846 he gave himself to the Roman Catholic church and became one of its most conspicuous figures in London. In no song of worship is there a more catholic spirit than in this one; doubtless this accounts for its phenomenal leap into popularity. At first the theologians looked askance upon it, but the people found it and insisted on its place in all the hymnals and its frequent use in public worship.



THE LOVE OF GOD



THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Savior who would have us
Come and gather round his feet ?
It is God ; his love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems ;
'Tis our Father ; and his fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.





SIR JOHN BOWRING, the author of many beautiful hymns, is said to have known over one hundred different tongues and to have been able to converse in many of them. He translated into English the folk-lore and songs of many nations. His best known hymn is given here. It was published in his collection of hymns in 1828, and has maintained a wide popularity almost ever since, being an especial favorite in young people's meetings. Perhaps it owes its place in no small measure to the tune "Rathbun," composed by I. Conkey.



THE CROSS OF CHRIST



IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.



SIR JOHN BOWRING





ALEXANDER POPE (London, May 21, 1688 — Twickenham, May 30, 1744), the great English poet and satirist, wrote a number of moral and religious pieces, yet no other one has found its way into the hymn books except this, taken from his "Messiah," published in 1712. This selection was printed in "The Spectator" of that time. Set to the stirring tune arranged from Lwolff and entitled "Moscow" it makes a splendid procession, and as such it is in general use at Colle Chapel and similar assemblies. It must be confessed that only recently has the church realized the value of its forceful, triumphant ring.



MESSIAH'S REIGN



RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!



ALEXANDER POPE





THIS hymn, one of the notable inclusions of the new Methodist hymnal, is a good representative of the new type of songs of service, laying its emphasis on the concrete and the objective and active in religion. Its author is a Methodist Episcopal clergyman who was born in New York, Dec. 3, 1850, and who is now engaged in church executive and editorial work. He is the writer of other hymns.



THE SERVICE OF MAN



WHERE cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear thy voice, O Son of Man !

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for thee,
Still holds the freshness of thy grace ;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O, tread the city's streets again,

Till sons of men shall learn thy love
And follow where thy feet have trod ;
Till glorious from thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.



FRANK MASON NORTH





***EVEN** a brief anthology of English hymns would of necessity contain several written by the talented and devoted bishop of Calcutta. In his brief but intense ministry of nineteen years he accomplished much good, in England, in the country village where he was first rector, and afterwards in London, and also in India. This hymn was written while he was rector at Hodney, about 1811. While it is intended for the first week of the new year, to celebrate the coming of the Magi to the infant Savior, it is used and greatly enjoyed by congregations everywhere at all seasons.*



“STAR OF THE EAST”



BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning !

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all !

Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



BISHOP REGINALD HEBER





PHILIP DODDRIDGE (London, June 26, 1702—Lisbon, Oct. 26, 1751), the famous expositor, general writer, and author of many hymns, was an English Congregational minister. He became pastor of a church at Kibsworth at the age of twenty, and at twenty-seven he was engaged in training others for the work of the ministry. This song for the new year was given to the public in the collection of Doddridge's hymns published in 1755. It was usually sung at what were known as the "watchnight services" of the last generation, midnight meetings held to observe the going out of the old year and the coming in of the new with appropriate hymns and worship.



THE NEW YEAR



GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.

By day, by night — at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls and guard our dust



PHILIP DODDRIDGE





SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER
(London, England, May 27, 1821—Monkland, Herefordshire, Feb. 12, 1877) was not only a baronet, but he was also a clergyman in active service, being the vicar of Monkland. He was the author of many hymns and was appointed chairman of the committee which compiled and edited that splendid collection known as "*Hymns, Ancient and Modern.*" This hymn, which is, of course, based on the Twenty-third Psalm, was published in 1868. A pathetic interest attaches to the last two lines of the third stanza; they were the last words uttered by their author, being quoted a few moments before he died. The hymn is usually sung to the tune "*Dominus Regit,*" by Dr. Dykes.



THE KING OF LOVE



THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never,
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me,
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And, O, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth.

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never,
Good Shepherd! may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever.



SIR HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER





FRANCIS ROUS (Halton, Cornwall, England, 1579—Acton, Jan. 7, 1659) was one of Cromwell's advisors and friends, at one time Provost of Eton and a member of the Westminster Assembly. He published a version of the Psalms, in 1641, which included this one. This paraphrase of the Twenty-third Psalm probably represents the very best, the most familiar and best loved of all the Psalms of the Scottish church. Wherever it is heard it awakens a thrill of memory and devotion greater and deeper than even that aroused by "Auld Lang Syne."



THE SHEPHERD PSALM



THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want :
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green ; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill ;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

My table thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy, all my life,
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.



FRANCIS ROUS





FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL
(*Astley, England, Dec. 14, 1836—Swansea, Wales, June 3, 1879*) was the most facile of the modern hymn writers. Her complete poetical works, all of which are of a religious character, make a large volume. In connection with the young people's church organizations many of her hymns have become exceedingly popular. The "Consecration Hymn" is used to this day more than any other song in the meetings of these societies, as well as being a favorite with popular church gatherings.



A CONSECRATION HYMN



TAKE my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee ;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee ;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise ;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine ;
It shall be no longer mine ;
Take my heart, it is thine own !
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store ;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL





THE Rev. Joseph Grigg (London, England, 1728-1768), first a mechanic and afterwards a useful Presbyterian minister, showed signs of poetic power early in life. It is said that this hymn was written when he was but a young lad, though it was not published until 1774, when it appeared in "The Gospel Magazine."



THE CHRISTIAN'S GLORY



JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush — be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then I boast a Savior slain!
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!



JOSEPH GRIGG





ISAAC WATTS (Southampton, England, July 17, 1674—London, Nov. 25, 1748) is called the father of English hymnody, preceding Charles Wesley in point of time and probably surpassing him in the sustained quality and popularity of his work. He was an Independent or Congregational preacher debarred from the universities for his religious views and hindered in his work by infirmity and illness. Some authorities consider this the finest hymn in the English language, while the rest place it second only to Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Four great hymns, "Wondrous Cross," "Rock of Ages," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Coronation," are printed in more collections, translated into more tongues, and used in more congregations than any others. These four were written within the space of one hundred years, the one by Watts being the first of them.



THE WONDROUS CROSS



WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
O'er so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.



ISAAC WATTS





WHILE the circumstances of the composition of this hymn are not definitely known it was probably written in India about 1836. From that land it has journeyed into all others and is now a universal favorite in all church services. When sung to the tune "Lyons," it makes an appropriate and inspiring opening hymn. Its author, Sir Robert Grant, born in England, 1785, was a Scotch Episcopalian. He became member of parliament for Inverness and later a privy councillor. In 1834 he was appointed governor of Bombay. His literary activity, which resulted in several books, including two on India, and a number of good hymns, belongs to this period. He died at Dapoorie, India, July 9, 1838.



O, WORSHIP THE KING



O, WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

O, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

O, measureless Might, Ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.



SIR ROBERT GRANT





ROBERT ROBINSON (*Norfolk, England, Sept. 27, 1735—Cambridge, June 9, 1790*) was a minister of the gospel who served in several denominations. In his day he was looked upon as a heretic on account of his liberal opinions, and he suffered not a little for his faith. He wrote one other well-known hymn. But there are few hymns by any writers which approach this in general popularity; it has been translated into many languages, sung in churches of many creeds, and shows to-day no sign of a wane in its acceptance with the people.



THE FOUNT OF BLESSING



COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount, O, fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither, by thine help, I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

O ! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the Lord I love ;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it !
Seal it for thy courts above.



ROBERT ROBINSON





IT is not long since this hymn passed through a period of the same kind of criticism that is now being given to "Lead, Kindly Light." Partisan prejudices easily blind minds incapable of appreciating poetic truth, but the verdict of the people settles these things in the end. The fact that Faber's evening hymn is now sung at the close of service in churches of all faiths and in all lands well illustrates the potency of religious songs to overcome sectarian differences. It was written in 1852 and published under the title, "Evening Hymn at the Oratory," the reference being to the congregation of St. Philip Neri, which was founded by Faber at Birmingham, England, and afterwards removed to London.



A PARTING PRAYER



SWEET Savior! bless us ere we go,
Thy word into our minds instill;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

CHORUS

Through life's long day and death's
dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hour has run;
And thou hast taken count of all;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways,
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O! let thy mercy make us glad,
That art our Jesus and our All.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER





MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY was born in the little village of Manchester, Orleans County, N. Y., Aug. 10, 1841. She has given a large part of her life to writing hymns and to religious interests. At the request of Bishop John H. Vincent she wrote the first two verses of this hymn for use at the evening gatherings at the Chautauqua assembly, in 1880. Since then it has been known to all who have participated in those vesper services as their favorite evening hymn. Stanzas three and four were added by the author quite recently. The hymn has won for itself a place in the front rank in a remarkably short time. It should be sung to the impressive tune "Evening Praise," by Sherwin.



VESPER HYMN



DAY is dying in the west ;
Heaven is touching earth with rest ;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

CHORUS

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts !
Heaven and earth are full of thee !
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high !

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh.

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face
Our hearts ascend.

When forever from thy sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise
And shadows end.



MARY ARTEMISIA LATHBURY





***H**ORATIUS BONAR (Edinburgh, Dec. 19, 1808 — July 31, 1889) ranks next to Watts and Wesley in the number of his living hymns and in their popularity. His life was passed as a Presbyterian minister at Kelso and at Edinburgh. In the latter city his work resembled that of Beecher in this country. It is a singular fact that, while he wrote most of his hymns for his Sunday-school, they were not permitted to be sung in his own church services. But the rest of the world readily took them up, and now it is hard to find a hymnal without twenty or thirty of his hymns. The tune "Vox Dilecti" was especially written for this hymn ; it carries out, in a striking manner, the contrast between the first and the second halves of each stanza.*



THE VOICE OF JESUS



I HEARD the voice of Jesus say —

“Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!”

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say —

“Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!”

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say —

“I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!”

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I’ll walk,
Till travelling days are done.



HORATIUS BONAR





JOHAN FAWCETT (*Lidget Green, Yorkshire, England, Jan. 6, 1739—Wainsgate, July 25, 1817*), an English Baptist pastor, was the author of several beautiful hymns. It is said that, in 1772, after he had served the little congregation at *Wainsgate* for some years, living on a small salary, he decided to accept a call to an important church in London. He packed his goods and prepared to leave. But his affection for his people led him to recall his acceptance and to remain with them. On that occasion he wrote this hymn. He little knew that he was writing a hymn that would be sung in many lands and at almost all times of parting and of reunion.



BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS



BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives
And longs to see the day.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.



JOHN FAWCETT, D.D.





RICHARD BAXTER (*Rowton, Shropshire, England, Nov. 12, 1615 — London, Dec. 8, 1691*), one of the first great Nonconformists, the author of "*The Saint's Rest*," had a checkered career in the days of Cromwell and Charles. He is represented in the worship of the churches to-day by this one hymn, which must be counted as one of the earliest of the modern type of church hymn. Perhaps it is not very popular to-day; but is well worth knowing both as a type of hymn and as a poetic setting of a faith that is good for any age.



CONTENT



LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see ;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.



RICHARD BAXTER





THE Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D. (Pittsgrove, Pa., Feb. 11, 1836), is the pastor of the principal Congregational church in Columbus, O., and at present the president of the American Missionary association. He was educated at Williams College, graduating in 1859. As the editor of the "New York Independent" and of the "Sunday Afternoon," and as a writer of religious books he has become well known, while his campaign against the acceptance of "tainted money" made him yet more widely known. This hymn appeared in "Sunday Afternoon" in March, 1879. In view of the time usually necessary for a hymn to come into general use, "Walking with God" has attained a remarkable degree of popularity; it undoubtedly belongs already in the ranks of the standard favorite hymns.



WALKING WITH GOD



O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free ;
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience ! still with thee
In closer, dearer company.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.



WASHINGTON GLADDEN





CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (*Brighton, England, March 18, 1789 — Brighton, Sept. 22, 1871*), is the greatest of British female hymn writers, having to her credit, in all, one hundred and fifty hymns, the greater number of which are recognized as standard. Yet she was all her life almost an invalid, spending her days in quiet literary work in the south of England and on the Continent. Without question this is the greatest of all the special evangelistic hymns. The stories told of its power over the mind and heart are innumerable.



JUST AS I AM



JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT





THE sisters *Alice and Phæbe Cary* were well known to an earlier generation for their literary work, chiefly of a poetical character. *Phæbe* was born near Cincinnati, Sept. 24, 1826; afterwards she removed to New York. She died at Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871. This is the only example of her work found in the hymn books and even this was not written for a hymn. It appeared as a poem in a very different form in 1852 and the present metre was not adopted until 1869. Since then the song has been very generally used and counted as a favorite both for church services and for home and individual use.



NEARER HOME



ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.



PHŒBE CARY





THIS is another example of the splendid work accomplished by the great poet of the early period of English hymnody in paraphrasing the Psalms. He here gives us his version of the Seventy-Second Psalm. Among all the missionary hymns which have obtained wide currency this is by far the best known and the best liked in the churches and by the people who are the results of missionary effort. It has been translated into almost every tongue into which Christianity has gone. It was sung at the great gathering of converts from the islands of Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji, in 1862, when these people formally renounced their old faith for the new.



MESSIAH'S KINGDOM



JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord
And savage tribes attend his word.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



ISAAC WATTS





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
(*Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809—Oct. 7, 1894*), professor in Harvard Medical School, is well known as an essayist, poet, and novelist. One year after his graduation from Harvard he fairly leaped into fame with his poem, "Old Ironsides." He is best known to-day for his series of essays. The hymn given here is always a favorite in gatherings of people of different denominations and creeds. It beautifully expresses aspiration and worship, and, at the same time, admits of the widest doctrinal divergencies. No other tune seems to suit this hymn quite so well as "Louvan," by V. C. Taylor.



LORD OF ALL BEING



LORD of all being ; throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame !



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES





ACCORDING to the "Anglican Hymnology," which is a semi-official estimate of the popularity of church hymns, Bishop Ken has two titles to his credit amongst the ten greatest songs of worship. His evening composition, "All Praise to Thee, My God, This Night," ranks first of all, and "Awake, My Soul," is given the sixth place. He wrote both these hymns while in his charge at Winchester, the scene of his early education. At his own request the good bishop was buried under the east window of the chancel at Frome Selwood, being interred just at sunrise, while those gathered about the grave sang, "Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun."



AWAKE, MY SOUL



AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept ;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all my might,
In thy sole glory may unite.



BISHOP THOMAS KEN





*NICOLAS LUDWIG, Count von Zinzen-
dorf (Dresden, May 26, 1700 — Hernbutt,
May 9, 1760), is said to have written two
thousand hymns, improvising no small number
of them, frequently giving the people a hymn to
close the service immediately after preaching
on its subject. He was educated at Witten-
berg and became a bishop of the Moravian
church. He visited the United States during
a time of persecution in Saxony. Some of his
hymns translated by John Wesley and others
are amongst the best known in the English
to-day. This one, entitled at home "Jesu
geh, voran," is translated by Miss Jane Borth-
wick. U. C. Burnap wrote a very good tune
for it.*



TO OUR FATHERLAND



JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
And although the way be cheerless,
We will follow calm and fearless ;
Guide us by thy hand
To our Fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fear o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us ;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When temptations come, alluring,
Make us patient and enduring,
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.



COUNT VON ZINZENDORF





JAMES MONTGOMERY (*Ayrshire, Scotland, Nov. 4, 1771 — Sheffield, England, April 30, 1854*), editor, publisher, and poet, was the author of over four hundred hymns. He is the one layman, beside Cowper, who has attained fame as the writer of a hymn belonging in the front rank. As an editor he was an ardent reformer, and this cost him fines and imprisonment many times; but his fame as a poet led the government to grant him an annual pension in his later years. In Dr. Benson's list of the best church hymns this one is given the tenth place. Its popularity is great in every land, and it has not only become a standard church hymn, but, set to many bright tunes, it is a favorite in religious meetings of all kinds.



JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME



JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know.
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.



JAMES MONTGOMERY





THE Rev. John Ellerton (London, Dec. 16, 1826 — White Roding, 1893) is the author of a number of the most stately of our familiar modern hymns. He was a clergyman of the English Episcopal church, educated at Trinity, Cambridge, spending his life in quiet country churches and writing these beautiful hymns. This Easter hymn he gave to the public in 1868 as a rendering of the "*Salve, festa dies*" of *Fortunatus*. The old Latin version is the one which Jerome of Prague is said to have sung on his way to death at the stake. The English version, by Ellerton, will probably be sung on Easter Sunday morning in almost every church all over the world wherever that tongue is spoken.



E' A S T E R H Y M N



WELCOME, happy morning! Age to age
shall say
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the dead is living, Lord for evermore!
Him, their true Creator, all his works adore!

Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's godhead true and only son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

Thou, of life the author, death did undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to
show.

Come, then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word;
'T is thine own third morning; rise, O buried Lord.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's
chain;

All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!



J O H N E L L E R T O N





THIS hymn of the Resurrection, by Charles Wesley, has taken its place with the foremost hymns of the church on this subject. It is found in practically all the hymnals, and has been ranked, both on popularity and on intrinsic merit, among the best twenty-five hymns of Christendom. It is sung in a great many churches all over the world on the morning of Easter day, and most frequently in the form given here, to the tune written by J. Worgan and entitled "Easter Hymn."



AN EASTER HYMN



CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day ;
Hallelujah !
Sons of men and angels say :
Hallelujah !

Raise your joys and triumphs high :
Hallelujah !
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply :
Hallelujah !

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious king :
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died, our souls to save :
Where thy victory, O grave ?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head :
Made like him, like him we rise :
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.



CHARLES WESLEY





JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
(Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 17, 1807 — Hampton Falls, N. H., Sept. 7, 1892), was a man whose beautiful catholicity of spirit is clearly seen in all the hymns that the churches have adopted from his poems. Perhaps the rapidly growing popularity of his hymns is indicative of a spread in the churches of the spirit which he so earnestly advocated. The whole of the beautiful poem entitled "Our Master," from which these stanzas are taken, should be read in order to appreciate fully the poet's spirit in the hymn.



OUR MASTER



WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER





EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH
(London, Jan. 25, 1825), an English Episcopalian, who was created bishop of Exeter in 1885, is the author of a religious poem, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever," of the hymnal companion to the Book of Common Prayer, and of a number of hymns. "Perfect Peace" is especially noteworthy as the favorite hymn of Queen Victoria, being often sung by request in the services which she attended. While this is one of the new hymns, having been written but a few years, it is finding a place in all the standard collections, and its growing popularity will probably give it a permanent place amongst the great hymns. It is usually sung to the stately tune "Pax Tecum."



PERFECT PEACE



PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough ; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.



EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH





FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER has given to the church of all Christendom several beautiful hymns, but this is one that seems to touch the deepest longing of the hearts of men everywhere, and therefore it is one of the most popular of all the works of this gifted writer. It is found in every collection of hymns that claims anything approaching completeness, regardless of denomination or creed, although the days are not many since it would have been rigidly excluded from the greater number. This universality of use is due not only to a greater toleration, but to the accuracy with which this hymn expresses the present world weariness and longing for rest. The beautiful tune, entitled "Paradise," was composed especially for this hymn by Sir Joseph Barnby.



PARADISE



O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old ; -
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me ;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
O keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above ;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER





WHILE the authorship of this popular hymn has been generally attributed to Elizabeth C. Clephane, a contributor to "The Christian" of Boston, it has always been associated with the name of Ira D. Sankey, the singing companion of Dwight L. Moody. The poem was unknown until Mr. Sankey, looking for something that would touch the shepherds of Scotland, chanced on this in the corner of an obscure paper. He took it to the meeting and extemporized the melody to which he rendered it. The words and the air immediately sprang into great popularity and were called for at all the meetings. It was the leader in the remarkable revival of congregational singing which still prevails in the churches.



THE NINETY AND NINE



THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold ;
Away on the mountains, cold and bare,
Away from the shepherd's tender care.

Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine ;
Are they not enough for thee ?
But the Shepherd answered : " One of mine
Has wandered away from me.
And tho' the way be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark the night which the Lord went
thro'

Ere he found the sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry ;
'T was sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven :
" Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
And the angels echoed around the throne :
" Rejoice ! for the Lord brings back his own !"



E. C. CLEPHANE AND IRA D. SANKEY





FANNY J. CROSBY, the blind singer, blind since she was six months old, is the author of somewhere in the neighborhood of five thousand hymns and songs. Many of these have had a remarkable popularity, but it has always been of a passing character. This hymn deserves mention, not for any poetic beauty, but for the remarkable part it has played in many religious revivals in all parts of the world. It has been sung so much in missions and at evangelistic services that its words and air are known to many thousands who never enter a church. Fanny Crosby's real name is Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne; she was born March 24, 1820, at South-east, N. Y.



RESCUE THE PERISHING



RESCUE the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring one,
Lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Tho' they are slighting him,
Still he is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently:
He will forgive if they only believe.

Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.



FANNY J. CROSBY





IN spite of the fact that Watts was almost a wholesale hymn-maker, and in spite of the fact that he wrote some of the worst doggerel that children have ever been forced to learn, it yet remains that some of the noblest Christian hymns are of his authorship. Some of these were composed in the course of setting the Psalms into verse, a task which he accomplished in an incredibly short time. Probably this metrical arrangement of the Ninetieth Psalm was his best piece of work in all that great undertaking. Certainly it has become a favorite hymn with many famous men, and it is sung in the churches more frequently than any of the many other hymns of the author, save perhaps his "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross."



OUR GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST



OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as a watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.



ISAAC WATTS





JOHN KEBLE (Fairford, Gloucestershire, England, April 25, 1792 — Bournemouth, March 29, 1866) the author of the "Christian Year," was an English clergyman of decidedly high-church tendencies. He was educated at Oxford and was afterwards appointed professor of poetry there. He took a large part, with his pen, in the Oxford movement, but his claim to fame to-day rests entirely upon the volume of religious poems, especially upon the first two, the "Morning Hymn" and the "Evening Hymn." The six verses given here, while constituting only a part of the whole poem, include all those that have come into most general use in public worship. This hymn and "Abide with Me" are without question the two most popular evening hymns in the English language.



SUN OF MY SOUL



SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When soft the dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine —
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Abide with me till, in thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.



JOHN KEBLE





GEORGE MATHESON (*Glasgow, Scotland, March 27, 1842*) Scottish theologian and poet, the author of a number of polemical works on theology, and of a volume of sacred songs, lost his sight when but a lad. Yet he persevered with his studies and graduated with honors at Glasgow. This song was first published in 1883. The author says it seemed to come to him almost against his will, for it was written at a time of great mental distress. The writer of "*Black Diamond Men*" makes a beautiful use of this hymn.



THE BLIND MAN'S SONG



O LOVE, thou wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee ;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee ;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee ;
I trace the sunshine through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.



GEORGE MATHESON





JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (London, Feb. 21, 1801—Edgbaston, Aug. 11, 1890), well known as a writer and an ecclesiastic, has yet found far greater fame as the author of this single hymn. He was educated at Ealing and at Trinity, Oxford, and in 1824 was ordained to the ministry in the English church. Twenty-one years later, after a long period of stress of mind and conflict with doubt, he went into the Church of Rome. A particularly trying time of religious perplexity led to the writing of this hymn, which was first published as a poem, under the title "Light in Darkness." Born of such an experience, it has become the hymn not only of those who wander in religious unrest, but of all who are in darkness of any kind. It is commonly sung to the tune, "Lux Benigna," by J. B. Dykes.



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT



LEAD, kindly light! amid th' encircling gloom,
 Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!



CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN





ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER
(London, Oct. 30, 1825 — Feb. 2, 1864),
the daughter of "Barry Cornwall," the poet
and dramatist, is the author of "The Lost
Chord," and also of several beautiful and
sympathetic hymns. She spent much of her
life in philanthropic service, particularly de-
lighting in writing songs and poems to be sold
for the benefit of charitable causes. Toward
the end of her life she became a Roman Cath-
olic, and seemed fairly to wear herself away in
religious service. This hymn may be counted
as one of the new hymns of the church, but it
is rapidly growing in favor.



GRATITUDE



MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,
So full of splendor and of joy,
Beauty, and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall until they lean
On Jesus' breast.



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER





THOMAS KEN (*Berkhampstead, England, July, 1637 — Longleat, March 19, 1711*), the fearless bishop of Bath in the days of Charles II, was the earliest of the great English hymn writers. His "Evening Hymn" and his "Morning Hymn" are familiar to all Christian congregations, and the former ranks as one of the four greatest hymns, according to an exhaustive test recently conducted. The "Evening Hymn" is, however, especially interesting in that it contains the verse which is sung more frequently and by more people than any other single selection; this is the last verse, commonly known as "the long metre doxology." It is used in churches of every creed except the Unitarian, and in every tongue, and has been appropriated by faiths other than Christian.



GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD



GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings !
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

O, let my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close !
Sleep, which shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him all creatures here below !
Praise him above, ye heavenly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



BISHOP THOMAS KEN

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IN even the smallest collection of standard hymns there would certainly be several by Reginald Heber (England, 1783—India, 1826), the author of “Greenland’s Icy Mountains.” By many authorities the hymn given here is thought to be his finest piece of work, and in the services of the churches of all denominations it takes high rank. In fact, in a large number of them the first verse is invariably used as the opening note of praise Sunday mornings. It is always sung to the tune “Nicea,” written expressly for it by Dr. J. B. Dykes.



HOLY, HOLY, HOLY



HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see ;
Only thou art holy ; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea ;
Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty ;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity !



BISHOP HEBER





CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, author of "*Just as I Am*," was the writer of about one hundred and fifty other hymns. Her life as an invalid seems to have given a peculiar pathos to almost all her work, but it is certain that, with the possible exception of Frances Ridley Havergal, no other woman has so successfully sung her way into the affections of the people. Strange to say, popular as this hymn is in the English, it is even more so in the French and German translations. It is known to-day in almost every modern tongue, and sung in every clime, being an especial favorite with mission converts and with all who are subject to persecution for their religious faith.



THY WILL BE DONE



MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize — it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
Whate'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"

Then when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore:
"Thy will be done, thy will be done!"



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT





THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. D. (Washington, Conn., Oct. 15, 1784—New York, May 15, 1872), is better known as a composer of a number of good tunes than as a writer of hymns. His fame will rest on the tune "Toplady," to which we still sing "Rock of Ages." This was written in the same year as the hymn given here, in 1830. Dr. Hastings prepared and published the first of the present style of hymn book, with the words and music printed on the same page, in 1865. This hymn is usually sung to the tune composed by Lowell Mason and known as "Wesley."



MISSIONARY SUCCESS



HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold!

Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.



THOMAS HASTINGS





SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D. (Exeter, England, Oct. 17, 1792—Nov. 23, 1872), a distinguished linguist and political writer, was the author of a number of excellent hymns, including the well known "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." He was a member of Parliament and was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1854. He was known as a Unitarian in faith, but this hymn, as well as many others which he wrote, has been adopted by all the churches. "God is Love" is one of the most popular songs to-day in England and her colonies, especially in the Sunday-schools.



GOD IS LOVE



GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.



SIR JOHN BOWRING





WILLIAM COWPER (*Berkhampstead, Hertfordshire, England, Nov. 26, 1731 — East Dereham, Norfolk, April 25, 1800*) was subject to prolonged periods of melancholy which at times bordered on insanity. It is said that he was possessed of the delusion that he would die by drowning in the River Ouse, and that during one of his seasons of clouded intellect and of great depression of spirit he ordered a cab and directed that he be taken to the river, intending to forestall fate by suicide. But a dense fog rising, the cabman lost his way and at last brought the poet back safely to his home. That evening Cowper wrote this hymn. Born of his bitter experience, it has become popular, being found in all standard collections and sung wherever the old hymns are loved.



PROVIDENCE



GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.



WILLIAM COWPER





JOHN KEBLE, the author of the volume of poems known as "The Christian Year," opens that book with a Morning and an Evening Hymn. From the latter the familiar "Sun of My Soul" is taken; the former, which in the book has sixteen stanzas, is given below as it is usually printed for church worship. To get the full beauty of the thought, however, the whole poem should be read. The author set the words in Lam. 3: 22, 26, "His compassions fail not; they are new every morning," at the head of this hymn. To-day it is often used for opening church worship.



A MORNING HYMN



NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask ;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.



JOHN KEBLE





THE Rev. Samuel Francis Smith was born at Boston, Mass., Oct. 21, 1808, and died in 1895. He was a classmate at Harvard of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Afterwards graduating from Andover he entered the Baptist ministry and served therein an honorable career, both as pastor, professor, and editor. He is the author of several popular hymns; but his claim to fame will rest on what is commonly recognized now as the American national hymn. It was written in 1832, during the author's student life at Andover, and was first used in public at a Sunday-school gathering on July 4 at the Park Street Church, Boston. Comparing this hymn with the British national anthem, we must agree that Dr. Smith succeeded in his attempt to give the old tune "the ring of American republican patriotism."



NATIONAL HYMN



MY country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH





NO one knows who wrote this popular church hymn. In the greater number of books it is credited to Charles Wesley. That is because it first appeared in company with some of his hymns; but neither Wesley nor his contemporaries claimed it as his. There are some reasons for thinking that it was the work of the Rev. Martin Maden (1726-1790), an English Methodist clergyman well known both as a vivid orator and an enthusiastic musician. He practised law for several years before being ordained. Later he was chaplain of the Lock Hospital. The hymn, with its tune "Italian Hymn," has won for itself no uncertain place in the worship of American churches, although its use is by no means so general in other lands.



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING



COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days!

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour;
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence, evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.



ANONYMOUS





JOHAN MASON NEALE, D. D. (London, Jan. 24, 1818 — East Grinstead, Aug. 6, 1866), had a troubled career as a minister of the Church of England; his learning and piety gave him a wide celebrity, but his ritualism led to his being inhibited by his bishop. He is now remembered for his sympathetic and spirited translations of the hymns and songs of the early Greek and Latin monks. This hymn first appeared in his "*Hymns of the Eastern Church*," published in 1862. It is a translation of the song of Stephen, a monk of the monastery of Mar Saba, situated near the Dead Sea. This song was probably first written in the eighth century. To many persons it is the most beautiful, as it certainly is one of the most sympathetic, of all Christian hymns.



ART THOU WEARY



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and, coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide? —
"In his feet and hands are wound prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns! —
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here? —
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last? —
"Sorrow vanished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay? —
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless? —
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."



JOHN MASON NEALE





EDWARD PERRONET (London, 1726-1792), an eccentric preacher associated with the Wesleys, would have been long ago forgotten but for his one great hymn which has been given a place in the group of the four greatest Christian hymns. In the United States it is usually sung to the tune "Coronation," while in other lands "Miles Lane" is used. The hymn has always been a favorite with soldiers, being sung frequently on the march, and in some instances its throbbing strains have put new life into dispirited regiments and swung them back into line, turning defeat into victory. The last verse of the hymn is said to have been added by John Rippon in 1787.



CORONATION



ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.



EDWARD PERRONET





RAY PALMER (Little Compton, R. I., Nov. 12, 1808 — Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887) was well known as a Congregational pastor and as the secretary of the Congregational Union. He wrote this popular hymn when he was but twenty-two years old. He says that it was the expression of his own feelings at a time of great trouble. One year later Lowell Mason set it to the tune "Olivet," with which it has ever since been wedded. It has been translated into almost every dialect and tongue. Almost all church people know it by heart, and certainly all love it heartily.



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE



MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire!

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.



RAY PALMER





THIS hymn has been ascribed to many writers and seldom to its true author. Yet the matter of its origin would easily have been settled by reference to a novel written several years ago, entitled "Dollars and Cents," where it first appeared in its original form. The writer of this story, answering an inquiry regarding the hymn, writes, "It is certainly mine — so far as that can be said of anything which the Lord himself gives to our hearts to say or do. The hymn just grew up in a scene in a story I was writing, because I found nothing that just suited me." Miss Warner, who is perhaps better known as "Amy Lothrop," is the author of a number of stories. The hymn is sung to the beautiful setting of Mendelssohn's "Consolation."



CONSOLATION



WE would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen
Across this little landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen
For the last weariness, the final strife.

We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing:
We would not mourn them, for we go to thee.

We would see Jesus: yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to thee makes not this love less strong.

We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.



ANNA B. WARNER





MARTIN LUTHER (Eisleben, Saxony, Nov. 10, 1483 — Eisleben, Feb. 18, 1546), was not only a great preacher, he was also a poet, the greatest of the German hymnists. As a poet he is best known by his "Ein Feste Burg," which is commonly called Luther's hymn. Heine calls it "The Marseillaise of the Reformation"; it spread like wildfire everywhere among the Protestants, being sung in the cottage, the workshop, and the congregation. Based on the Forty-Sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength," and born in the supreme hour of Luther's great conflict, it was one of the most potent forces of the Reformation. Something of the versatility of Luther is seen in the fact that the tune to which this hymn is always sung was also his composition. The translation was made by Frederick Henry Hedge, of Massachusetts, in the last century.



EIN FESTE BURG



A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.



MARTIN LUTHER





***H**ENRY FRANCIS LYTE (Kelso, Scotland, June 1, 1793—Nice, France, Nov. 20, 1847), poet and clergyman, early gave promise of a brilliant career; but illness, intrigue, and misfortune seemed to beset him. His great hymns, however, grew out of these experiences. He says that, "scarce able to crawl," he went to his last communion at Brixham, and after the service, as the darkness gathered, he wrote this farewell hymn. To-day this hymn is found in almost all hymn books, and from the churches, the homes, from the forts and the men of war of both great English-speaking nations, its melody floats out on the Sabbath evening air.*



ABIDE WITH ME



ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, Friend of sinners, and abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is Death's sting? where, Grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE





THE Rev. John Marriott (Cottesbach, England, 1780 — Broad Clyst, March 31, 1825), student at Rugby and at Christ Church, Oxford, private tutor in the family of the Duke of Buccleuch, and minister of the Episcopal church, was a man whose quiet, retired life would be unknown but for this one hymn. And few, indeed, of the many thousands who sing this inspiring song in the churches ever stop to ask as to its author. Yet it ranks as one of the greatest of the hymns, being used in the opening worship of churches all over the world. It was written probably about 1813, and published in "Lyra Britannica" in 1867; to-day it is found in every hymn book that makes any pretensions to completeness.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light.

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

Holy and blessed three,
Glorious trinity,
Wisdom, love, might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.



JOHN MARRIOTT





CHARLES WESLEY (Epworth, England, Dec. 18, 1708 — London, March 29, 1788) was the younger brother of John Wesley, with whom he worked and preached. Charles is justly known as the poet of Methodism, for he is the author of over six thousand hymns. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was originally entitled "Temptation," and is said to have been written immediately after a narrow escape from death by shipwreck. Henry Ward Beecher said: "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earth." Its beautiful thought has become current in many tongues. It was one of the favorite songs of the Chinese Christians who perished in the Boxer uprising, many dying with it on their lips.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL



JESUS! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Savior! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.



CHARLES WESLEY





THE Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D. D. (Lambeth, England, Oct. 30, 1807—Lincoln, March 20, 1885), bishop of Lincoln, was one of the foremost scholars of the Anglican Church in his day. He published in 1862 a volume of poems entitled "*The Holy Year*," a collection of pieces for the different days of the church year, which contained one hundred and twenty-seven hymns of his own composition. This was the first hymn in the book. It is quite generally used as a song of morning worship on Sundays.



DAY OF REST



O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages joined in tune,
Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious
A triple light was given.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.



CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH





GEORGE DUFFIELD (*Carlisle, Pa., Sept. 12, 1818—Bloomfield, N. J., July 6, 1888*) came of a family of American hymn writers. He was a Presbyterian pastor in Brooklyn, in Philadelphia, in Michigan, and in Illinois. He is buried in Detroit. The hymn for which, above all others, he is famous was the outcome of the Philadelphia revival of 1858. It was written as the conclusion of a sermon, and it quickly found its way all over the English world, and into German, Latin, and other translations. The author says that he first met it, after its composition, as the favorite song of the army of the James in 1864.



THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS



STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
“Ye that are men, now serve him,”
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!



GEORGE DUFFIELD





THE Rev. Carl Rudolph Hagenbach, D.D. (Basel, Switzerland, March 4, 1801 — June 7, 1874), wrote this hymn in his own tongue somewhere about 1840. The translator is unknown, but, whoever he may be, he has fairly well carried over the quaintness and the sense of peace and quietness in the original. Dr. Hagenbach combined in himself the rare and seldom harmonious qualities of a successful professor of church history in the university of his native town and a poet of tender feeling. While this hymn is not used generally in congregational worship, it is well known and much used in smaller gatherings and for private devotions.



RESIGNATION



SINCE thy father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is he !
Know his love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If he wound thy spirit sore,
Trust him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In his hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand :
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill —
Lying still.

Fearest sometimes that thy father
Hath forgot ?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt him not !
Always hath the daylight broken —
Always hath he comfort spoken —
Better hath he been for years
Than thy fears.

To his own thy Savior giveth
Daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length :
Weakest lambs have largest sharing
Of this tender shepherd's caring ;
Ask him not, then — when or how —
Only bow.



CARL RUDOLPH HAGENBACH





ALTHOUGH this well known and greatly loved hymn is frequently attributed to one "Kirkham," there is no reliable evidence as to its authorship. It first appeared in the "Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors," compiled by Dr. Rippon and published in 1787. Here it was credited to "K." This, taken with the fact that George Keith, a London publisher, was the chorister of Dr. Rippon's church, has led many to attribute the song to him. There is no doubt, however, as to the place occupied by this hymn; it is a classic, and judged by the spirit with which it is sung it is just as popular to-day as ever. The tune usually used with it is "Portuguese Hymn."



THE FIRM FOUNDATION



HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord !
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say, than to you he hath said —
To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled ?

“ Fear not, I am with thee, O, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

“ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

“ When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

“ Ev'n down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

“ The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes :
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never — no, never — no, never forsake ! ”



ANONYMOUS

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REGINALD HEBER (*Malpas, Cheshire, April 21, 1783 — Trichinopoly, India, April 2, 1826*), Anglican bishop of Calcutta and true poet, is the author of a number of standard hymns. He was a man of unusual attainments. His poem "Palestine," which made him prize poet of Brazenose, has been pronounced the best poem Oxford ever produced. His "Missionary Hymn" was written at the request of his father-in-law, who had to deliver a missionary sermon the next morning, and who had failed to find a suitable hymn for the service. It was then written as it has ever since been sung, and so admirably does it fit the theme that no missionary service is to-day complete without it. The tune to which it is always sung was one of Lowell Mason's first compositions, and was also prepared upon request, for this particular hymn.



“THE MISSIONARY HYMN”



FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand —
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone !

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high —
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O, Salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign !



BISHOP REGINALD HEBER





THIS, the most poetic of all the Christmas hymns, was written by an American, Edmund Hamilton Sears (Sandisfield, Mass., April 6, 1810—Weston, Mass., Jan. 14, 1876). Its author was a Unitarian minister, a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, and of the divinity school of Harvard. Although the hymn is comparatively new, being published in the "Christian Register" in 1850, it has become popular, and its use in church services at Christmas time is almost universal. Along with the older hymns it is sung as a carol on the streets in England and in the colonies on the last few nights before Christmas day.



THE ANGEL'S SONG



IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold ;
“Peace to the earth, good will to man,
From heaven’s all gracious king” :
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still celestial music floats
O’er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o’er its Babel sounds,
The blessèd angels sing.

O ye, beneath life’s crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow —
Look up ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Come round the age of gold !
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing !



EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS





THIS is another of the popular hymns of that great writer of religious lyrics, Reginald Heber, missionary bishop and poet. Many have remarked the paucity of Christian hymns of action, suited to the feelings of men. This hymn, therefore, with its direct appeal to the motor temperament, is worthy of special notice, for on this account it has always been popular with young men. In college chapel it is probably used more frequently than any other hymn, while in all services it is a familiar processional and a great favorite with the people.



THE NOBLE ARMY



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain.
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to feel !
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain.
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.



BISHOP REGINA J. D. HEBER





PHILLIPS BROOKS (*Boston, Dec. 13, 1835 — Jan. 23, 1893*), was more than the bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts; he was the bishop of the whole American people. They have not yet ceased to grieve for him. Perhaps admiration of the author's personality has not a little to do with the popularity of this poem. It was written for the use of Trinity Sunday-school, about 1880, and sent out anonymously. But the people soon found it out. Though evidently intended as a Christmas hymn, it is used at other times, and may be counted as one of the few new hymns that have taken their place along with the old ones. It is already found in all the standard collections of church hymns, as well as in many of those of less permanent character.



BETHLEHEM



O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth !
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel !



PHILLIPS BROOKS





ALMOST nothing is known of Bernard, save that he was a monk at the old abbey of Cluny, France, in the twelfth century, and that he wrote a poem entitled "*De Contemptu Mundi*," in which there occur the stanzas from which this hymn and several others were translated. Dr. John M. Neale (London, June 24, 1818 — East Grinstead, Aug. 6, 1866), as the translator, deserves much of the credit for the great popularity of this hymn. The vigor and freedom of his version may be judged by comparison with the first lines of the Latin original:

"Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora,
Omne cor obrius, omnibus obstruis, et cor et ora,
Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio lux tibi qualis,
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis."



JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN



JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest !
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed ;
I know not, O, I know not
What joys await me there ;
What radiancy of glory,
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast ;
And they, who with their leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er see thy face ?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace ?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part ;
His only, his forever
Thou shalt be and thou art.



BERNARD OF CLUNY AND JOHN M. NEALE





THE authorship of this celebrated hymn will probably remain forever unknown. It is the most ancient Christian hymn of any length, coming to us, through the Latin, from a very early Greek original.



TE DEUM LAUDAMUS



WE praise thee, O God ; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.

To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens, and all the powers therein.

To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory. The glorious company of the apostles praise thee. The goodly fellowship of the prophets praise thee.

The noble army of martyrs praise thee. The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,

The Father of an infinite majesty ; thine adorable, true and only Son ;

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Thou art the King of glory, O Christ, thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst humble thyself to be born of a virgin.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father. We believe that thou shalt come to be our judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine heritage ; govern them and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify thee ; and we worship thy name ever, world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin ; O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us ;

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted ; let me never be confounded. Amen.



ANONYMOUS





THE famous American poet and reformer has made no small contribution to the songs of worship and praise used in the churches. This hymn is taken from his longer poem entitled "The Brewing of Soma." It was published first for church worship in 1884, and has grown steadily into general use despite much opposition and criticism, once bitter, but now almost forgotten, regarding the poet's alleged heterodox beliefs. There is to-day a marked tendency to give larger prominence to the work of the great poets in the hymnody of the churches.



THE WAY OF PEACE



DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways !
Reclothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all,
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessings fall
As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER





NEXT to "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," this is accounted the most popular of Charles Wesley's hymns. Certainly no other hymn is so frequently sung at Christmas time, and few things have as strong a charm or make a deeper impression than the sound of this hymn as it is sung in the crisp winter air by the people of the village choir as they stand in the streets of England, just before Christmas.



CHRISTMAS CAROL



HARK ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild ;
God and sinners reconciled."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark ! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord :
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
Hail the Sun of righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings :
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die ;
Born to raise the sons of earth ;
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come !
Fix in us thy humble home :
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head ;
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place :
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.



CHARLES WESLEY





THIS hymn represents Charles Wesley at his best, and it is everywhere one of the best loved of his many writings. It is given here as he wrote it, and not as singers have insisted on amending it. Like the writer's beautiful "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," it belongs to congregations of almost all creeds and in all lands. It was published in 1747.



LOVE DIVINE



LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest :
Take away our bent to sinning ;
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



CHARLES WESLEY





DEAN ALFORD was known to all the students of a past generation for his great work, "*The Greek New Testament, with Notes.*" If that book has ceased to have its prëminence, his hymns have, on the other hand, strengthened their hold on the affections of this generation. This hymn, published in 1866, received his most careful work, and stands as the best representative of his poetic power. It was sung by his graveside, in the yard without Canterbury Cathedral, where he had been so long Dean, at the time of his burial in 1871. J. B. Dykes composed the tune, called "*Alford.*"



THE ARMIES OF THE RANSOMED



TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light:
'T is finished, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin:
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !

O, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore !
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinner slain ;
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power, and reign ;
Appear, Desire of nations —
Thine exiles long for home —
Show in the heaven thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Savior, come !



HENRY ALFORD





ABOUT no hymn writer have there been greater differences of opinion than about Frederick William Faber (Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, June 28, 1814 — London, Sept. 26, 1863). The conclusion of the whole matter is seen, however, in the growing popularity of his work. This gifted Catholic has given to all Christendom a number of beautiful and popular hymns. "The Pilgrims of the Night" appeared in 1854. It is the best known of Faber's hymns in the United States, while in England his "Paradise" holds first place. The former has been fortunate in that some beautiful melodies, notably "Vox Angelica," by J. B. Dykes, have been composed especially for it.



THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT



HARK, hark, my soul ! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

REFRAIN — Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping ;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

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THE Rev. John Ernest Bode was a rector of the Church of England, born in 1816 and dying in 1874. His life was spent in his parish duties and in writing several volumes both of prose and of poetry. This hymn first appeared as one of his poems. The relative popularity of the hymn in England as compared with the United States is indicative of a fact often overlooked, that the place of a hymn depends much on the tune with which it is associated. In the former country it is always sung to the beautiful setting by J. W. Elliot, while in the latter no particular tune has been commonly assigned to it.



A DISCIPLE'S PRAYER



O JESUS, I have promised,
To serve thee to the end ;
Be thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend !
I shall not fear the battle,
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway,
If thou wilt be my Guide.

O, let me feel thee near me —
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory,
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

O, let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O, guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Savior and my Friend.



JOHN ERNEST BODE





JULIA WARD HOWE (New York, May 27, 1819) deserves fame for many other things, — for poems, essays, lectures, and works of philanthropy, — but she will always be known to the greater number as the writer of the great “Marseillaise” of the federal armies. While on a visit, in 1861, to the army encamped near Washington she wrote the stirring lines, basing them on the old “John Brown” melody. This can never become a great international hymn, but it will always be well loved by the American people. It is interesting to note the pleasure of a church congregation when they are afforded an opportunity to join in singing as a hymn the song so many of their fathers sang on the field.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC



MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible quick sword :
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
Glory, glory, hallelujah !
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
“As ye deal with my contemnners so with you my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat.
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! Be jubilant, my feet :
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.



JULIA WARD HOWE

[191]





SARAH FLOWER ADAMS (Great Harlow, England, Feb. 22, 1805 — London, August, 1848) is the author of the hymn which is the best known of all those written by women. Though written as recently as 1840, this hymn stands amongst the foremost in the list of the ten great hymns of the Christian church. In the United States it would be impossible to find a hymnal from which it is omitted. This may be due, in part, to the tune to which it was set by the father of American church music, Dr. Lowell Mason. Written by an Englishwoman, this hymn has been carried to all parts of the world by American travellers, and American missionaries have translated it into the tongues of the strange tribes in all lands.



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE



NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS

[193]





ANNA LAETITIA WARING was born at Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales, where she still lives the quiet life of a Quakeress. She has written many beautiful hymns, one of the best known being "In Heavenly Love Abiding." But in the past few years this hymn of simple faith and desire for the quieter ways of life has become by far the most frequently used. This may be because more are seeking the path beside the still waters.



THE SIMPLE WAY



FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me ;
The changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or sacred thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate :
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.

I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

In service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me ;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free :
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.



ANNA LAETITIA WARING

[195]





SAMUEL JOHN STONE (*Whitmore, England, April 25, 1839*), a clergyman of the English established church, is the author of several beautiful hymns, although none of them approaches this one in general popularity. Indeed, "The One Foundation" might well be called the world's anthem of toleration, and the best expression in song of the rapidly growing sense of religious unity. It is a remarkable thing that a hymn written by a high churchman should serve this liberal purpose. It is sung wherever Christians of differing names and creeds meet together, and probably it has done more to bring the many bodies of Christendom together than all the sermons preached with that aim.



THE ONE FOUNDATION



THE church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord ;
She is his new creation
By water and the word.
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy bride ;
With his own blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest ;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious
Shall be the church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God, the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won ;
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.



SAMUEL JOHN STONE





THIS is another of Bishop Wordsworth's fine compositions. It was written to be sung on Ascension Sunday. In the opinion of many this is Wordsworth's finest work in hymnody; at all events, it is popular in the churches.



THE ASCENDING KING



SEE the conqueror mounts in triumph ;
See the king in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate !
Hark ! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly king.

Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan ;
He by death has spoiled his foes.

Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand ;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand ;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels ;
Man with God is on the throne ;
Mighty Lord ! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above ;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

So at last, when he appeareth,
We from out our graves may spring,
With our youth renewed like eagles',
Flocking round our heavenly king,
Caught up on the clouds of heaven,
And may meet him in the air —
Rise to realms where he is reigning,
And may reign forever there.



CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH





SABINE BARING-GOULD (Exeter, England, Jan. 28, 1834), an English clergyman, novelist, antiquarian, and the writer of a number of well known hymns, was a Cambridge man, graduating from Clare College in 1856. In the comparatively short time since this hymn was written, in 1865, it has become world famous, and to-day it would rank, in frequency of use, with the greatest of the hymns. Its popularity is probably due, in part, to the fact that it is one of the few martial songs suitable to church worship; and, in no small degree, to the ringing tune which Sir Arthur Sullivan composed for it in 1872. English soldiers often sing it on the march, whole regiments taking up the strains, and it has been translated into many foreign tongues.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS



ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

REFRAIN — Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.



SABINE BARING-GOULD





MANY look on this as the finest piece of work by Bishop How. It consisted originally of eleven stanzas, the eight given here being those most commonly used in worship. It was written about 1864.



THE VICTORIOUS ARMY



FOR all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well fought fight ;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true light.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

O blest communion, fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes thy rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array ;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
" Hallelujah, Hallelujah ! "



WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW





WHILE James W. Alexander (Hopewell, Va., March 13, 1804 — Red Sweet Springs, Va., July 31, 1859) deserves much credit for his sympathetic rendering of this hymn, its authorship goes back to Bernard of Clairvaux (1091-1153), the outstanding ecclesiastical figure of the second crusade, a great poet, a great politician, and a mighty power in his day. In 1656 Paul Gerhardt translated these stanzas of Bernard's longer hymn into German, and since then it has been one of the best known hymns of that people. In 1829 Dr. Alexander prepared his translation, but it was not given to the public until twenty years later. The gifted translator was for many years the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church in New York.



O SACRED HEAD



O SACRED head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thine only crown ;
O sacred head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine !
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior !
'T is I deserve thy place ;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

What language shall I borrow
To praise thee, heavenly Friend,
For this, thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
Lord, make me thine forever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
O, let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.

Forbid that I should leave thee ;
O Jesus, leave not me !
By faith I would receive thee ;
Thy blood can make me free !
When strength and comfort languish
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish
By thine own wounded heart.

Be near when I am dying,
O ! show thy cross to me !
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free !
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely — through thy love.



BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX





FRIEDRICH RUDOLPH LUDWIG, Baron von Canitz (1654-1699), is the author of this beautiful hymn, which, even in the abbreviated form in which it usually is printed, is little known in this country. The translation was made by the Rev. Henry James Buckroll.



MORNING ASPIRATION



COME, my soul, thou must be waking —
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day;
Come to him who made this splendor —
See thou reader
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning;
Dimly burning,
'Ncath the sun their light grows pale;
So let all that sense delighted,
While benighted
From God's presence, fade and fail.

Lo! how all of breath partaking,
Gladly waking,
Hail the sun's enlivening light!
Plants, whose life mere sap doth nourish,
Rise and flourish
When he breaks the shades of night.

Thou, too, hail the light returning —
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers;
For the night is safely ended —
God had tended,
With his care, thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth —
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame gloss'd over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

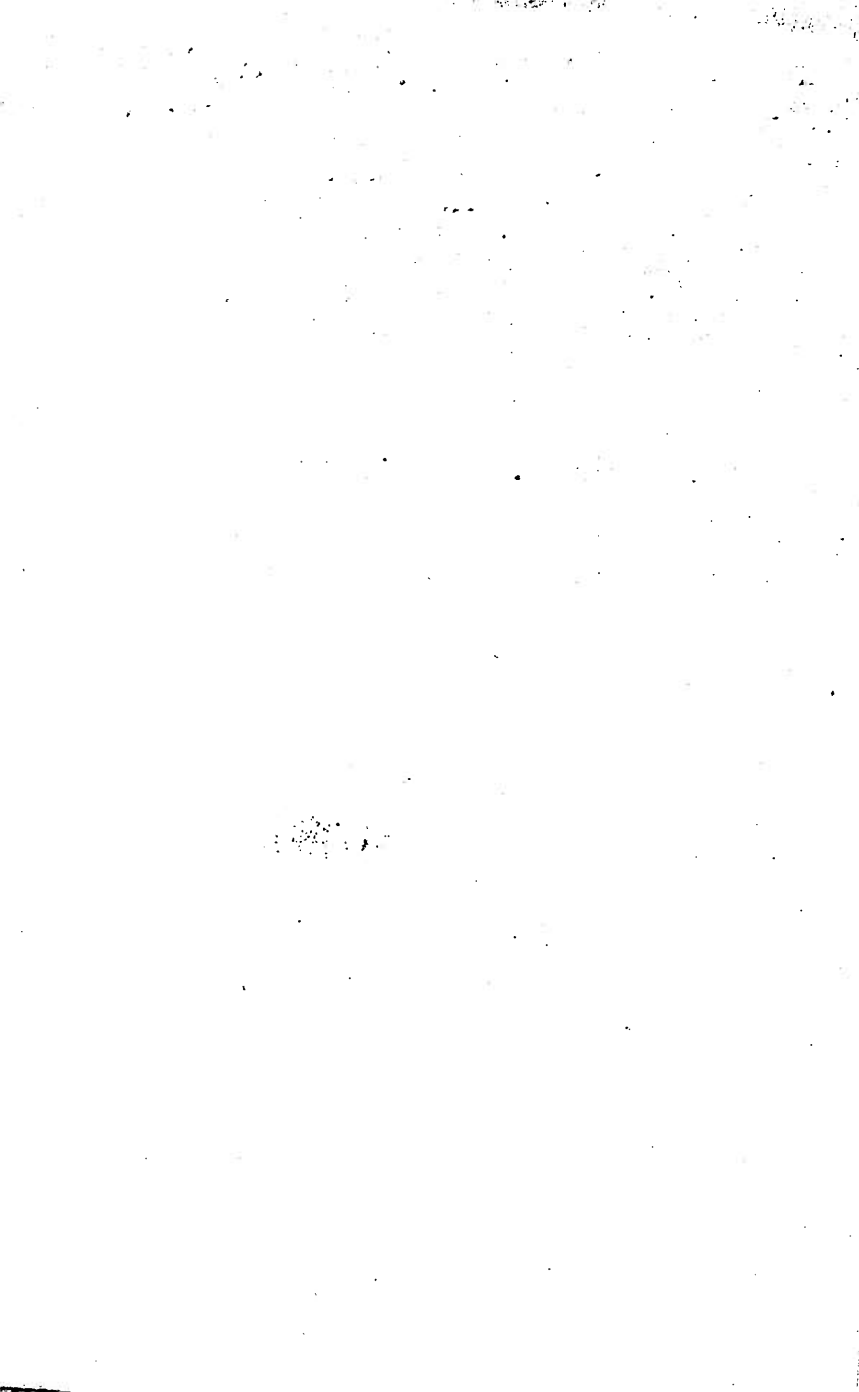
Only God's free gifts abuse not,
His light refuse not,
But still his spirit's voice obey;
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,
Splendor breathing,
Fairer than the fairest day.

If aught of care this morn oppress thee,
To him address thee,
Who, like the sun, is good to all;
He gilds the mountain tops, the while
His gracious smile
Will on the humblest valley fall.

Round thee gifts his bounty showers;
Walls and towers,
Girt with flames, thy God shall rear;
Angel legions to defend thee;
Shall attend thee —
Hosts whom Satan's self shall fear.

BARON VON CANITZ





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